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THE
TRAGEDY
OF
MACBETH.

Written by Mr. W. SHAKESPEAR.



LONDON;
Printed for the Company.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, }
DONALBAIN, } *Sons to the King.*

MACBETH, }
BANQUO, } *Generals of the King's Army,*

LENOX, }
MACDUFF, }
ROSSE, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
MENTETH, }
ANGUS, }
CATHNESS, }

FLEANCE, *Son to Banquo.*

SEYWARD, *General of the English Force*

YOUNG SEYWARD *his Son.*

A BOY, *Son to Macduff.*

SEATON, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*
Doctor.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE, *and three other Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, & Attendants.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

*The SCENE in the end of the fourth Act lyes in
England, through the rest of the Play in Scotland,
and chiefly at Macbeths Castle.*





MACBETH;

A

TRAGEDY.

A C T. I.

SCENE I. *An open Heath:*

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter three Witches:

I WITCH.

WHEN shall we three meet again,
In Thunder, Lightning, & in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the Battel's lost and won.

3 Witch. That will be e're set of Sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath;

3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

1 Witch. I come, Gray-Malkin. (*A shriek like an owl.*)

All. Paddock calls---anon--- Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy Air.

[*They rise from the Stage, and fly away.*]

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SCENE

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SCENE II. *A Palace.*

*Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox,
with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Cap-
tain.*

King. What bloody Man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the Revolt
The newest state:

Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy Soldier fought
'Gainst my Captivity. Hail, hail, brave Friend!
Say to the King, the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent Swimmers, that do cling together;
And choke their Art: The merciless *Macdonnell*
(Worthy to be a Rebel, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Do swarm upon him) from the Western Isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glass is supply'd;
And Fortune on his damned quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebels Whore. But all's too weak;
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that name)
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandisht steel,
Which smoak'd with bloody execution,
Like Valours Minion, carved out his passage,
'Till he fac'd the Slave;

he Which ne'er shook hands, nor bad farewell to him,
'Till he unseam'd him from the nave to th' chops;
And fix'd his Head upon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin! Worthy Gentleman!

Cap. As whence the Sun gins his reflexion,
Shipwracking Storms and direful Thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come

Dis-

of M A C B E T H.

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Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner Justice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;
But the *Norwegian* Lord surveying vantage,
With furbisht Arms, and new supplies of Men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismaid not this our Captains, *Macbeth* & *Banquo*?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrows Eagles or the Hare the Lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,
So they redoubled strokes upon the Foe:
Whether they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell--

But I am faint; my gashes cry for help---

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy Wounds,
They smack of Honour both: Go, get him Surgeons.
Who comes here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse*.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

Rosse. From *Fife*, great King,
Where the *Norwegian* Banners flout the Sky,
And fan our People cold.

Norway himself, with numbers terrible,
Assisted by that most disloyal Traitor,
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, began a dismal conflict;
'Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with self comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm;
Curbing his lavish Spirit: And to conclude,
The Victory fell on us.

King. Great Happiness!

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Rosse.

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Rosse. That now *Sveno*, the *Norweyan King*,
Craves composition :

Nor would we deign him burial of his men,

'Till he disbursed, at *St. Colmes-kill*,

Ten thousand Dollars, to our general use.

King No more that *Thane of Cawdor* shall deceive

Our bosom interest. Go, pronounce his Death,

And with his former Title, greet *Macbeth*.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three *Witches*.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, Sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing Swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A Sailors Wife had chestnuts in her lap,

And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht:

Give me, quoth I.

Aroint thee, Witch, the rump-fed Ronyon cries.

Her Husband's to *Aleppo* gone, Master o'th' Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither fail,

And like a rat without a tail,

I'll do---I'll do--- and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind,

1 *Witch.* Th'art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I my self have all the other,

And the very points they blow,

All the quarters that they know,

I'th' Shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay;

Sleep shall neither night nor day,

Hang upon his pent-house lid:

He

of M A C B E T H.

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He shall live a Man forbid;
Weary fen'ights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his Bark cannot be lost.
Yet it shall be tempest-toft.
Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, shew me.

1. *Witch.* Here, I have a Pilots thumb;
Wrackt as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within*

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum, *Macbeth* doth come.

All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace, the Charm's wound up.

*Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers
and other Attendants.*

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to *Soris*? --- What are
these?

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th'Inhabitants of th'Earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you ought
That Man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. --- You should be Women;
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak if you can; what are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, *Macbeth*! hail to thee, *Thane* of
Glames!

2 *Witch.* All hail, *Macbeth*! hail to thee *Thane* of

[*Cawdor*!

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3 *Witch.* All hail, *Macbeth*, that shalt be King hereafter!

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair? I'th' name of Truth, Are ye fantastical, or that indeed [*To the Witches.* Which outwardly ye shew? My noble Partner, You greet with present grace, and great prediction Of noble having, and of Royal hope, That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not. If you can look into the seeds of Time, And say, which grain will grow, and which will not; Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear, Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get Kings, tho' ne'er thou shalt be one.

So all hail! *Macbeth* and *Banquo*.

1 *Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect Speakers. Tell me more? By *Sinels* Death I know I am *Thane* of *Glames*; But how of *Cawdor*? The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives. A prosperous Gentleman: and to be King, Stands not within the prospect of belief, No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say from whence You owe this strange intelligence? or why, Upon this blasted heath you stop our way, With such prophetic greeting? — Speak, I charge you. [*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water has; And these are of them: Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air: and what seem'd corporal, Melted, as breath into the Wind.

Would

Would they had staid.

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Ban. You shall be King.

Mac. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too; went it not so?

Ban. To th' self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The News of thy success, and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the Rebels Fight,
His wonder and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o'th' self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout *Norweyen* Ranks
Nothing afraid, of what thy self didst make,
Strange images of Death. As thick as Tale
Came Post with Post; and every one did hear
Thy praises in his Kingdoms great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our Royal Master, thanks,
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater Honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee *Thane* of *Cawdor*!
In which Addition, hail, most worthy *Thane*!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the Devil speak true?

Macb. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives;
Why do you dress me in his borrowed Robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet;
But under heavy Judgment bears that life,

Which

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Which he deserves to lose.

Whether he was combin'd with those of *Norway*,
Or did the Rebel line with hidden help,
And vantage; or that with both sides he labour'd
In this his Country's wrack, I know not.
But Treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. *Glames*, and *Thane of Cawdor*! [*Aside.*
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.

[*To Angus.*

Do you not hope your Children shall be Kings?

[*To Banquo.*

When those that gave the *Thane of Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you into the Crown,
Besides the *Thane of Cawdor*. But 'tis strange;
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The Instruments of darkness tell us truths.
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

[*To Ross and Angus.*

Macb. Two truths are told.

[*Aside.*

As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the imperial Theam. I thank you, Gentlemen—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good—It ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane of Cawdor*.
If good? Why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated Heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of Nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,

Shakes

of M A C B E T H. II.

Shakes so my single state of Man,
That function is imother'd in surmise;
And nothing is, but what is not.

Ban. Look how our Partner's rapt.

Macb. If Chance will have me King, why Chance
may crown me [*Aside.*

Without my stir.

Ban. New Honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs thro' the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:
My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind Gentlemen, your pains are registred,
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.
Let us toward the King: Think upon [*To Banquo.*
What hath chanc'd, and at more time,
The *interim* having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then enough:
Come, Friends.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E I V. *A Palace.*

Flourish. Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbain, Lenox, and Attendants.

King. Is Execution done on *Cawdor*?
Are not those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back;
But I have spoke with one that saw him die;
Who did report, that very frankly he

Concl

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Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highness' pardon,
And set forth a deep repentance.

Nothing in his life became him, like the lea-
ving it.

He died as one that studied in his Death,
To throw away the dearest thing he own'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art
To find the minds construction in the face:
He was a Gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross and Angus.

O worthiest Cousin !
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wind of recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment,
Might have been mine : Only I've left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The Service and the Loyalty I owe,
In doing, it pays it self.
Your Highness' part is to receive our duties ;
And our duties are to your Throne and State,
Children and Servants; which do but what they should,
By doing every thing safe toward your Love
And Honour.

King. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo* !
That hast no less deserv'd, and must be known,
No less to have done so : Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.

Ban.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of Sorrow. Sons, Kinsman, & *Thanes*,
And you, whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate upon
Our eldest, *Malcom*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of *Cumberland*: Which Honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of Nobleness, like Stars shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to *Inverness* —
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you;
I'll be my self the Harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my Wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor*!

Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland*! — that is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, *Aside*.
For in my way it lies. Stars hide your fires,
Let not Light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand, yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. *Exit*.

King. True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid us welcome [*Exeunt*.
It is a peerless Kinsman.

SCENE V. *An Apartment in
Macbeths Castle.*

Enter Lady Macbeth alone reading a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of Success; and I
have lear'd by the perfect'st report, they have more

*in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in
desire to question them further, they made themselves
Air, into which they vanished. Whilest I stood rapt
in the wonder of it, came Missives from the King,
who all hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which Tit-
le before; these weyward Sisters saluted me, and re-
ferr'd me to the coming on of time, with hail King
that shalt be. This have I thought good to deliver
thee, my dearest partuer of greatness, that thou might'st
not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of
what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy Heart,
and farewell.*

*Glamis thou art, and Cawdor -- and shalt be
What thou art promis'd Yet I do fear thy nature;
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win
Thou'dst have, great Glamis, that which cries,
Thus thou must do if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my Spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that thee hinders from the Golden round;
Which Fate and Metaphisical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.*

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings;

Mes The King comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to lay it,

of M A C B E T H.

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Is not thy Master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mef. So please you, it is true: Our *Thane* is coming,
One of my Fellows had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his Message.

Landy. Give him tending,
He brings great News. The Raven himself is hoarse,
[*Exit Messenger*]

That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
Under my Battlemens. Come all you Spirits,
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst Cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect, and it. Come to my Womans breast,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring Ministers.
Where ever in your sightless substances,
You wait on Natures mischief. Come, thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoak of Hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold, hold!

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis*! worthy-*Cawdor*! [*Embracing him.*
Greater than both, by the all hail hereafter.
Thy Letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest Love,
Duncan comes here to night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady.

Lady. O never
 Shall Sun that morrow see.
 Your Face, my *Thane*, is as a book', where Men
 May read strange matters to beguile the time.
 Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue; look like th' innocent flow'r,
 But be the Serpent under't. He that's coming,
 Must be provided for; and you shall put
 This night's great business into my dispatch,
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come,
 Give solely Sovereign sway and Masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear:
 To alter favour ever is to fear.
 Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The Castle Gate.*

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat; the Air
 Kindly and sweetly recommends it self
 Unto out gentle senses.

Ban. This Guest of Summer,
 The Temple-haunting Martlet does approve,
 By his lov'd mansionry, that the Heav'n's breath,
 Smells woogly here: There's no jutting frieze,
 Buttice, nor coigne of vantage, but this Bird
 Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle
 Where they most breed, and haunt, I have observ'd,
 The Air is delicate.

En.

Enter Lady.

King. See! see, our honour'd Hostess!
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble;
Which still we thank as Love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our Service,
In every point twice done, and then done double;
Were poor, and single business, to contend
Against those Honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majesty loads our House: For those of old
And the late Dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your Hermits.

King. Where's the *Thane of Cawdor*?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his Purveyor: But he rides well,
And his great Love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and Noble Hostess;
We are your Guest to-night.

Lady. Your Servants ever,
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt;
To make their audit at your Highness pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand,
Conduct me to mine Host, we love him highly;
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, Hostess.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *An Apartment.*

*Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers Servants with Dishes
and Services over the Stage. Then Macbeth.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere
well

It were done quickly ; if the Assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
 With his surcease, success ; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all, and the end-all — here,
 But here, upon this bank and school of time —
 We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases,
 We still have judgment here, that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
 To plague th'ingredience of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust ;
 First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subject,
 Strong both against the deed ; then, as his Host,
 Who should against his Murtherer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife my self. Besides, this *Duncan* ;
 Hath born his faculty so meek ; hath been
 So clear in his great Office, that his Virtues
 Will plead like Angels, trumpet-tongu'd against
 The deep damnation of his taking off :
 And Pity, like a naked new-born Babe,
 Striding the blast, or Heavens Cherubin hors'd
 Upon the sightless Curriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting Ambition, which o'er-leaps it self,
 And falls on t'other side. —

Enter Lady.

How now ! What news !

Lady. He has almost sup'd ; why have you left the Chamber ?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me ?

Lady. Know you not, he has !

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business.
 He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,

Which

Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you drest your self? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to look so green and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act, and valour;
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a Coward in thine own esteem?
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poor Cat i'th' Adage.

Macb. Prethee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a Man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady. What Beast was't then,
That made you break this entreprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a Man,
And to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the Man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Do's unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milks me---
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash't the brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail? —

Lady. We fail!

But screw your Courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his days hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlains
Will I with Wine and Wassel, so convince,
That Memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of Reason

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A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep,
Their drenched natures lye as in a Death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded *Duncan*? What, not put upon
His spungy Officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell!

Macb. Bring forth Men children only:
For thy undaunted metal should compose
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat;
Away, and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T. I I.

S C E N E I. *a Hall.*

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch
before him.*

B A N Q U O.

How goes the night, Boy?

Fle. The Moon is down: I have not heard the Clock.

Ban. And she goes down at Twelve.

Fle.

of M A C B E T H.

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Fle. I take't 'tis later, Sir,

Ban. Hold, take my Sword; there's husbandry in Heaven,
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lyes like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful Powers
Refrain in me the curfed thoughts, that Nature
Gives way to in repose.
Give me my Sword: Who's there?

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Macb. A Friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed,
He hath been in unusual pleasure;
And sent forth a great largess to your Officers.
This Diamond he greets your Wife withal,
By the name of most kind Hostess,
And shut it up in measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weyward Sisters;
To you they have shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them;
Yet when we can intreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Ban. Thanks, Sir; the like to you. [*Exit Banquo.*]

Macb. Go, bid thy Mistress, when my drink' is ready,

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She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant.*]
 Is this a Dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come let me clutch thee—
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still:
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? Or art thou but
 A Dagger of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form, as palpable
 As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o'th' other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still,
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. There's no such thing—
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked Dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
 Pale *Hecates* Offerings; and wither'd Murder,
 Alarum'd by his Sentinel, the Wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With *Tarquins* ravishing sides, toward his design
 Moves like a Ghost. Thou sure and firm-set Earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. Whilst I treat, he lives;
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

(*A Bell rings.*)

I go, and it is done; the Bell invites me.
 Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a knell,
 That summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made
 me bold:

What

What hath quencht them, hath given me fire. Hark! Peace
It was the Owl that shriek'd, the fatall Bell-Man,
Which gives the stern'st good night—He is about it—
The doors are open; and the surfeited Grooms [possets,
Do mock their charge with inores; I've drugg'd their
That Death and Nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? What ho?—

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; the attempt, and not the deed
Confounds us — Hark! — I laid their Daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had don't — My Husband!

Macb. I have done the deed---Didst not thou hear a noise?

Lady. I heard the Owl scream, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark! — who lyes i'th' seccnd chamber?

Lady. Donalbaine.

Macb. This is a sorry fight.

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry fight. [Murther.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cry'd
That they did wake each other; I stood, and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and addrest them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Ma. b. One cry'd, God blefs us, and Amen the other
As they had seen me with these Hangmans hands:
Liftning their fear, I could not say Amen,
When they did say, God blefs us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?

I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought, after
these ways;

So, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a Voice cry, Sleep no more
Macbeth does murder sleep; the innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,
The death of each days life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great natures second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the house;
Glamis hath murder'd Sleep, and therefore *Cawdor*
shall sleep no more; *Macbeth* shall sleep no more.

Lady Who was it that thus cry'd; Why, worthy
Thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things; go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand,
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lye there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy Grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;

I am afraid, to think what I have done:

Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose:

Give me the Daggers: the sleeping and the dead,
Are but as Pictures; 'tis the eye of Child-hood,
That fears a painted Devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the Grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit.*

Knock within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?

[*Starting.*

How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?

What hand are here? Hah! they pluck out mine eye?

Will

of M A C B E T H.

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Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous Sea incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*

I hear a knocking at the south-entry ;
Retire we to our chamber.

A little water clears us of this deed ;
How easie is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.

Hark , more knocking, [*Knock.*

Get on your Night-gown , lest occasion call us .

And shew us to be Watchers ; be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts. [*Knock*

Macb. To know my deed , 'twere best not know
my self.

Wake *Duncan* with this knocking , I would thou
could'st. [*Exeunt*

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Port. Here's a knocking indeed: If a Man were
Porter of Hell-Gate, he should have old turning the.
key *Knock.* Knock. knock, knock, Who's there, i'th'
name of *Belzebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd him-
self on th'expectation of plenty . Come in time, have
napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't. *Knock.*
Knock , knock, Who's there in th'other Devils name?
Faith, here's an Equivocator, that could swear in
both the scales, against either scale; who committed
Treason enough for Gods sake, yet could not equivocate
to Heaven. Oh come in, Equivocator. *Knock.* Knock-
knock, knock. Who's there? Faith, here's an *En-*

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glish Taylor come hither for stealing out of a French Hose: Come in, Taylor, here you may roast your Goose. *Knock.* Knock, knock, never at quiet! What are you! But this place is too cold for Hell. I'll Devil-Porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all Professions, that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. *Knock.* Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was is so late, Friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lye so late?

Port. Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till the second Cock: And drink, Sir, is a geat provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleep, & Urine. Letchery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an Equivocator with Letchery; it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him into a sleep, and giving him the lie leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i' the very throat on me; but I requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometimes, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len.

Len. Good-morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good-morrow both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy *Thane*?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I have almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physicks pain :
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my
limited Service. [Exit Macduff.]

Len. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He does ; he did appoint so.

Len. The Night has been unruly ; where we lay
Our Chimneys were blown down. And , as they say,
Lamentings heard i'th'Air, strange screams of death
And prophesying , with accents terrible,
Of dire combustions, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th'woful time.

The obscure Bir'd clamor'd the lieve-long night,
Some say the Earth was feaverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'T was a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror!
Tongue nor heart cannot conceive, nor name thee...

Macb. and Len. What's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piecc.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lords anointed Temple , and stole thence
The life o'the building.

Macb. What is't you say ? the life...

Len.

Len. Mean you his Majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak your selves: awake! awake!...

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*
Ring the alarum Bell.... Murther! and Treason!....
Banquo, and *Donalbaine*! *Malcolme*! awake!
Shake off this downy Sleep, Deaths counterfeit,
And look on Death it self,....up, up, and see
The great Dooms image! *Malcome*! *Banquo*!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell....

Bell Rings. Enter *Lady Macbeth.*

Lady. What's the business?

That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley,
The Sleepers of the house? Speak, speak.

Macb. O gentle Lady,

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak,
The repetition in a womans ear,
Would murther as it fell. O *Banquo*, *Banquo*!

Enter *Banquo.*

Our Royal Master's murther'd,

Lady. Woe, alas!

What, in our House?....

Ban Too cruel, any where.

Dear *Duff*, I prithee contradict thy self,
And say, it is not so.

Enter *Macbeth*, *Lenox*, and *Rosse.*

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time: For from this instant,
There's

There's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys; Renown, and Grace is dead;
The Wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this Vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolme, and Donalbaine.

Don. What's amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't;
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopt; the very source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your Royal Father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows; they star'd, and were distracted;
No Mans life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them ———

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,

Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? No Man.
The expedition of my violent Love
Out-run the pauser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood,
And his gash'd stabs, look'd like a breach in Nature,
For ruins wastful entrance; there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade; their Daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain
That had a heart to love, and in that heart,
Courage, to make's love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho! ——— [*Seeming to faint.*]

Macd. Look to the Lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don.

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our Fate hid within an awger-hole;
May rush, and seize us? Let's away,
Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the Lady: [*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the un-divulgd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'th' Hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false Man does eafie. I'll to *England*.

Don. To *Ireland*, I; our separated fortune,
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's Daggers in Mens smiles; the near in blood;
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murtherous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way,
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse:
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away; ther's warrant in that theft;
Which steals it self, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I I.

Enter Rosse, with an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse Ah, good Father,
Thou seest the Heavens, as troubled with Mans act,
Threatens his bloody stage: By th' clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is't nights predominance, or the days shame,
That darkness does the face of Earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A Faulcon trowing in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing Owl hawkt at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And *Duncans* horses,
A thing most strange and certain!
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their Race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with Mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so;
To th'amazement of mine eyes, that look'd upon'a.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff*.
How goes the World, Sir, now?

Macd. Why see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slain.

Rosse.

Rosse. Alas the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the King's two Sons;
Are stoln away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. Gainst Nature still;
Thriftless Ambition! that will raven upon
Thine own lives means. Then 'tis most like
The Sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nain'd, and gone to *Scone*
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncan's* body?

Macd. Carried to *Colmeskill*,
The sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to *Scone*?

Macd. No, Cousin, I'll to *Fife*.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there; adieu.
Lest our old Robes fit easier than our new.

Rosse. Farewel, Father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt.



A C T I I I.

S C E N E I. *A Royal Apartment.*

B A N Q U O.

THOU hast it now, King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all,
As th', weyward Women promis'd; and I fear
Thou plaid'st most foully for't: Yet is was said
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that my self should be the root, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their speeches shine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush, no more.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth,
Lenox, Ross, Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief Guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great Feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn Supper, Sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your Highness'
Command upon me, to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this Afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice;

C

Which

Which still hath been both grave and prosperous ;
In this days Council ; but we'll take't to-morrow.
Is't far you ride ?

Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and Supper : go not my Horse the better ;
I must become a borrower of the Night,
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our Feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody Cousins are bestow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland*, not confessing
Their cruel Parricide ; filling their hearers
With strange invention ; but of that to-morrow,
When there withal we shall have cause of State,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to Horse : Adieu,
'Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with you ?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord ; our time does call upon's

Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot :
'And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewel.

[Exit Banquo]

Let every Man be master of his time,
'Till seven at night, to make society
The sweeter welcome : We will keep our self
'Till supper time alone : While then, God be with you.

[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.]

Sirrah, a word with you : Attend those Men
Our pleasure ?

[To a Servant.]

Ser. They are, my Lord, without the Palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.

[Exit Servant.]

To be thus, is nothing,
But to be safely thus : Our fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep ; and in his Royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he
dares,

And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour,
To act in safety. There is none but he,

Whose

Whose being I do fear: And under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd; as it is said
Mark Antony was by *Cæsar*. He chid the Sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me;
And bade them speak to him; then Prophet like,
They hail'd him Father to a line of Kings.
Upon my head, they plac'd a fruitless Crown,
And put a barren Scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand;
No Son of mine succeeding. It's be so,
For *Banquo's* issue have I fil'd my mind?
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murder'd;
Put rancors in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common Enemy of Man,
To make them Kings? the seed of *Banquo* Kings!
Rather than so, come Fate into the list,
And Champion me to th' utterance —
Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

Now go to the door, and stay there'til we call.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then.

Now you have consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under Fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self; this I made good to you,
In our last conference past in probation with you:
How you were born in hand, how cross, the Instru-
ments,

Who wrought with them: & all things else that might
To half a Soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, thus did *Banquo*.

SC 2

1 *Mur.*

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospel'd,
To pray for this good Man, and for his Issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the Grave;
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are Men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for Men;
As Hounds, & Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curs,
Showghs, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolves are cleft
All by the Name of Dogs; the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle.
The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of Men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put the business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your Enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the World.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with Fortune;
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know *Banquo* was your Enemy.

Mur. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That

of M A C B E T H.

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That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near't of life; and though I could
With bare fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain Friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall,
Who I my self struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives —

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you.
Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant your selves,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th'time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the Palace: always thought,
That I require a clearness; and with him,
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work.
Fleance, his Son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me,
Than is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve your selves apart,
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded; *Banquo*, thy Souls flight,
If it find Heav'n, must find it out to-night.

Exeunt.

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Serv. Ay, Madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure;
For a few words.

C 3

Serv.

Serv. Madam, I will.

[Exit

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they think on; things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the Snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be her self, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless extasie. *Duncan* is in his grave;
After lifes fitful fever, he sleeps well:
Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison;
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on;
Gentle, my Lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your Guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, Love, and so I pray be you;
Let your remembrance still apply to *Banquo*,
Present him Eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we must lave our Honours
In these so flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my mind dear Wife!
Thou know'st, that *Banquo* and his *Fleance* lives.

Lady. But in them, Natures copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable:
Then be thou jocund; ere the Bat hath flown
His cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Hecates* summons
The shard-born beetle, with his drowsie hums,
Hath rung nights yawning peal; there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck;
'Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling Night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful Day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the Crow
Makes wing to th'rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop, and drowse,
Whiles Nights black agents to their preys do rowse:
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still:
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill;
So prithee go with me. [Exit.

SCENE II. *A Park, the Castle at a distance.*

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* *Macbeth.*

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our Offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The West yet glimmers with some streaks of day.
Now spurs the latest Traveller apace,

4 The TRAGEDY

To gain the timely Inn, and near approaches
The subject of our Watch.

3 Mur. Hark, I hear horses.

Banquo within. Give us a light there ho.

2 Mur. Then 'tis he:

The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'th' court.

1 Mur. His horses go about.

3 Mur. Almost a Mile: but he does usually,
So all Men do from hence to th' Palace gate,
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a Torch.

2 Mur. A Light, a light.

3 Mur. 'Tis he.

1 Mur. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 Mur. Let it come down.

*[They fall upon Banquo and kill him; in the
scuffle Fleance escapes.]*

Ban. O, Treachery!

Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly,

Thou may'st revenge. O Slave!

[Dies]

3 Mur. Who did strike out the light?

1 Mur. Was't not the way?

3 Mur. There's but one down; the Son is fled.

2 Mur. We have lost

Best half of our affair.

1 Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is
done.

[Exeunt]

SCENE III. A Room of State.

*A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Ross,
Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb.

of MACBETH.

41

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our self will mingle with society,
And play the humble Host:

Our Hostess keeps her State, but in the best time

We will require her welcome. [*They sit.*]

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our Friends.
For my Heart speaks, they are welcome.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their Hearts
thanks,

Both sides are even; here I'll sit i'th' mid'st.

Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure

The table round.

Enter first Murthrer.

There's blood upon thy Face.

[*To the Mur.*]

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd. [*him*]

Mur. My Lord, his throat is cut, that I did for

Macb. Thou art the best o'th' Cut-throats; yet he's
good,

That did the like for *Fleance*: if thou did'st it,

Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Most Royal Sir,

Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit again:

I had else been perfect.

Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rock;

As broad, and general, as the casing Air:

But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd bound in

To fauey doubts and fears. But *Banquo's* safe? —

Mur. Ay, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,

The least a Death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.

C f

There

42 *The* **TRAGEDY**

There the grown Serpent lyes, the Worm that's fled
Hath nature, that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th'present. Get thee gone; to morrow
We'll hear our selves again. [Exit Murthrer.

Lady. My Royal Lord,
You do not give the cheer; the Feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis making,
'Tis given with welcome; to feed were best at home;
From thence, the sawce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.

Len. May't please your Highness, sit.

Macb. Here had we now our Countrys Honour,
roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness.
Than pity for mischance,

[*The Ghost of Banquo rises & sits in Macbeth's place*

Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Pleas't your Highness
To grace us with your Royal Company?

Macb. The Table's full. *Starting!*

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good Lord.

What is't that moves your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy goary locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen rise, his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy Friends, my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep seat;
The fit is momentary, upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his passion,

Feed,

of MACBETH. 45

Feed, and regard him not. Are you a Man?

[To Macbeth.]

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare dare look on
Which might appall the Devil. [that

Lady. O, proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn-Dagger which you said
Led you to *Duncan*. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A Womans story at a winters fire,
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it self! —
Why do you make such faces? when all's done
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee see there:

Behold! look! loe! how say you!

[Pointing to the Ghost]

Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speak too.
If Charnel-houses, and our Graves must send
Those that we bury, back; our Monument
Shall be the maws of Kites.

[The Ghost vanishes.]

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him,

Lady. Fie for shame.

[time.]

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'th'olden
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weal;
Ay, and since too, murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear. The times have been,
That when the brains were out, the Man would die,
And there an end; But now they rise again
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
And push us from out stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is,

Lady. My worthy Lord,
Your Noble Friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget —

Do not muse at me, my most worthy Friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To

44 *The* TRAGEDY

To those that know me. Come, Love and Health to all,

Then I'll sit down: Give me some Wine, fill full—
I drink to th' general joy of the whole Table,
And to out dear Friend *Banquo*, whom we miss:
Would he were here; to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

[*As he is drinking, the Ghost rises again just before him.*

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avant, and quit my sight, let the earth
hide thee:

Thy bones are marrowless; thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What Man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Russian* Bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' *Hyrcean* Tyger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy Sword;
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me
The Baby of a Girl. Hence horrible Shadow,
Unreal mock'ry hence. [*The Ghost vanishes.*
Why so, — being gone —
I am a Man again: pray You sit still.

[*The Lords rise.*

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good meeting.

With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a Summers cloud
Without our special wonder? You make me strange,
Even to the disposition that I owe,

When

of M A C B E T H.

45

When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my Lord?

Lady. I pray you speak not; he grows worse & worse.
Question enrages him: at once, good-night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good-night, and better health
Attend his Majesty.

Lady. A kind good-night to all.

[*Exeunt Lords*]

Macb. It will have blood they say; blood will
have blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augures, that understood relations, have
By Maggot-Pyes, and Choughs, and Rooks brought
forth

The fiercer'st Man of blood. What is the night?

Lady. Almost at odds with Morning, which is which:

Macb. How say'st thou, that *Macduff* denies his Person,
At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his House
I keep a Servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) to the wizard Sisters.
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know
By the worst means, the worst, for mine own good;
All causes shall give way, I am in blood
Spent in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, e'er they may be scann'd.

Lady. You lack the season of all natures, Sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep; My strange and
self-abuse

s

46 The TRAGEDY

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use.

We are yet but young indeed.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV. *The Heath.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches,
meeting Hecate,*

Wit. Why how now, *Hecate*, you look angrily?

Hec. Have I not reason, Beldams, as you are?

Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare

To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,

In Riddles, and affairs of Death?

And I the Mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or shew the glory of our Art.

And which is worse, all you have done

Heath been but for a weyward Son,

Spightfull, and wrathfull, who, as others do,

Love's for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now; Get you gone,

And at the pit of *Acheron*

Meet me i'th' morning: thither he

Will come, to know his Destiny.

Your vessels, and your spells provide;

Your charms, and every thing beside.

I am for th' air: this night I'll spend

Unto a dismal, and a fatal end.

Great business must be wrought ere noon;

Upon the corner of the Moon

There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;

I'll catch it e'er it come to ground;

And that distill'd by magick sights,

Shall raise such artificial Sprights,

As by the strength of their illusion,

Shall

Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn Fate, scorn Death, and bear
His hopes 'bove Wisdom, Grace, and Fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Musick, and a Song.*

Hark, I am call'd; my little Spirit see
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

(*Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.*

Wit. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back
again. (*Exeunt,*

S C E N E V.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: Only I say
Things have been strangely born, The gracious
Duncan

Was pitied of *Macbeth*—may he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.
Whom you may say, if't please you, *Fleance* kill'd;
For *Fleance* fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for *Malcolm* and for *Donalbane*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact!
How it did grieve *Macbeth*? Did he not straight
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the Slaves of drink, and Thralls of
Sleep?

Was that not nobly done? ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the Men deny't. So that I say,
He has born all things well: and I do think
That had he *Duncan's* Sons under the key,

As,

As, an't please Heav'n he shall not, they should find
 What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleance*.
 But peace; for from broad words, and cause he fail'd
 His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The Sons of *Duncan*,
 From whom this Tyrant holds the due of birth;
 Live in the *English* Court, and are receiv'd
 Of the most Pious *Edward*, with such grace,
 That the malevolence of Fortune, nothing
 Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduff*
 Is gone, to pray the holy King, on his aid
 To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Seyward*,
 That by the help of these, with him above
 To ratifie the work, we may again
 Give to our tables meat, Sleep to our nights;
 Free from our Feasts and Banquets bloody knives;
 Do faithful Homage, and receive free Honours;
 All which we pine for now. And this report
 Hath so exasperate the King, that he
 Prepares for some attempt of War.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff*?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute, Sir, not I;
 The cloudy Messenger turns me his back,
 And hums, as who should say, you'll rue the time
 That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
 Advise him to a caution, t'hold what distance
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy Angel
 Fly to the Court of *England*, and unfold
 His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
 May soon return to this our suffering Country,
 Under a hand accurs'd.

Lord. I'll send my Prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT.



A C T I V.

SCENE I. *A dark Cave, in the middle a great Cauldron burning.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. W I T C H.

Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.

2 Wit. Thrice, and once the hedge pig whin'd

3 Wit. Harpier cries, 'tis time, 't is time.

1 Wit. Round about the cauldron go,
In the poison'd entrails throw.

(They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the several ingredients for the preparation of their charm)

Toad, that under cold Stone,
Days and nights has thirty one
Sweltred venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'th' charmed Pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Wit. Fillet of a fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boil and bake,
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frog,
Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dog,
Adders Fork, and blind worms Sting,
Lizards Leg, and Howlets Wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

3 Wit. Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,
Witches mummy, maw, and gulf

D

Q

50 *The* TRAGEDY

Of the ravin'd salt sea Shark,
 Root of hemlock digg'd i'th' dark,
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew
 Sliver'd in the Moon's eclipse,
 Nose of Turc, and Tartars lips,
 Finger of birth-strangled Babe,
 Ditch deliver'd by a Drab,
 Make the gruel thick, and slab:
 Add thereto a Tygers chawdron,
 For th'ingredients of our cauldron,
All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 *Wit.* Cool it with a Baboons blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. O! well done! I commend your pains,
 And every one shall share i'th gains:
 And now about the Cauldron sing
 Like Elves and Fairies in a ring,
 Inchanting all that you put in.

Musick and a Song.

*Black Spirits and white,
 Blue Spirits and gray,
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,
 You that mingle may.*

2 *Wit.* By the the pricking of my thumbs,
 Something wicked this way comes:
 Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret black & midnight Hags!
 What

of M A C B E T H. 51

What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess;
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the Churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though Castles topple on their warders heads;
Though Palaces, and Pyramids do stoop
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of Natures germain, tumble altogether,
Even 'till destruction sicken; answer me,
To what I ask you.

1 *Wit.* Speak.

2 *Wit.* Demand.

3 *Wit.* We'll answer.

1 *Wit.* Say, if th' hadst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our Masters.

Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1 *Wit.* Pour in Sowes blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow: grease that's sweaten
From the Murtherers gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come high or low:

Thy self and office dostly show.

[*Thunder.*]

Apparition of an armed head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power—

1 *Wit.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff!]
Beware the Thane of Fife—dismiss me—enough.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. What e'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright; but one word more—

1 *Wit.* He will not be commanded; here's another

More potent than the fi ft.

[Thunder.

Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of Man; for none of Woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth*.

[Descends.

Macb. Then live *Macduff*: What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate; thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale hearted Fear, it lyes;
And sleep in spight of thunder.

[Thunder.

*Apparition of a Child crowned; with a tree in his hand
rises.*

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a King,
And wears upon his baby-brow, the round
And top of Sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be Lion metled, proud, and take no care;
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great *Birnam* wood, to high *Dunfinane* Hill,
Shall come against him.

[Descends.

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the Forest, bid the Tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boardments! good!
Rebellious deed, rise never 'till the wood
Of *Birnam* rise, and our high plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me if your art
Can tell so much: shall *Banquos* issue ever
Reign in this Kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb.

of M A C B E T H.

35

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you. Let me know,
[*The cauldron sinks into the ground.*
Why sinks that Cauldron? & what noise is this? [*Hoboyes.*

1 *Wit.* Shew!

2 *Wit.* Shew!

3 *Wit.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like Shadows, so depart.

[*Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, and
Banquo last, with a glass in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of *Banquo*; down!
Thy crown do's fear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first—
A third, is like the former—filthy Hags!
Why do you shew me this?... A fourth?... Start eye!
What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom...
Another yet?... A seventh!... I'll see no more..
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more; and some I see,
That twofold balls, and treble Scepters carry.
Horrible sight! O! now I see 'tis true,
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What is this so?

1 *Wit.* Ay Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come Sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

Musick. *The Witches dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?... Let this pernicious
hour,
Stand ay accursed in the Kalender,
Come in, without there.

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the Weyward Sisters?

Len. No, my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did hear
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits;
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even-now — [[done:
To crown my thoughts with Acts, be it thought and
The Castle of Macduff I will surprize;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o'the sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate souls,
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool,
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool.
But no more fights. Where are these Gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Macduff's Castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?

Rosse. You must have patience, Madam,

L. Macd. He had none:

His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us Traitors.

Rosse.

of M A C B E T H.

55

Rosse. You know not,

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his Wife, to leave his babe,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not.
He wants the natural touch: for the poor Wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the Owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse, My dear Coz,

I pray you school your self; but for your husband,
He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much further;
But cruel are the times, when we are Traitors,
And do not know our selves: when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent Sea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
'T shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty Cousin,
Blessing upon you.

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's Fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your Father's dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As Birds do, Mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird!

Thoud'st never fear the net, nor line,
The pit-fall, nor the gin?

Son. Why should I, Mother?

Poor Birds they are not set for.

D 4

My

My Father is not dead for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit.

And yet i'faith with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a Traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all Traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a Traitor,

And must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, honest Men.

Son. Then the Liars and swearers are fools; for there are Liars and Swearers enow, to beat the honest Men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign, that I should quickly have a new Father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you, fair Dame, I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little ones,
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,

Which

of M A C B E T H. 57

Which is too nigh your person. Heav'n preserve you.
I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I had done no harm?... What are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?

L. Macd. I hope in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a Traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-eared villain.

Mur. What you egg? [Stabbing him.]
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has kill'd me, Mother,
Run away, I pray you, [Exit crying Murther,

S C E N E I I I. *The King of En-*
glands Palace.

Enter Malcom and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade; and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men,
Betride our downfal'n birthdom; each new morn,
New Widows howl, new Orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike Heaven on the face that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like fillable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, I believe, and what I can redress,

38 *The* T R A G E D Y

As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.

This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues;
Was once thought honest: You have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but something
You may discern of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent Lamb,
T' appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is,

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose.
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foul would bear the brows of Grace,
Yet Grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts,
Why in that rawness left you wife and children;
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies, be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: You may be rightly just;
What ever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor Country,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For Goodness dares not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs
The Title is afraid. Fare thee well, Lord;
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the Tyrants grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;

I speak not as in absolute fear of you:
I think our Country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my right:
And here from gracious England have I offer

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f goodly thousands. But yet for all this,
When I shall tread upon the Tyrants head,
Or wear it on my sword; yet my poor Country,
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my self I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That when they shall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor State
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Devil more damn'd
In evils, to top *Macbeth*.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none
In my voluptuousness. Your Wives, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my Lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er bear
That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Than such an one to reign.

— *Macd.* Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny, it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy Throne;
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: You may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold. The time you may so hoodwink,
We have willing Dames enough, there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows

In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
 A stanchless avarice, that were I King,
 I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands;
 Desire his jewels, and this others house,
 And my more having would be as a sawce
 To make me hunger more; that I should forge
 Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
 Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
 Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root,
 Than Summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
 The Sword of our slain Kings: Yet do not fear,
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will
 Of your mere own. All these are portable,
 With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none, the King-becoming graces,
 As Justice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableness,
 Bounty, Perseverance, Mercy, Lowliness,
 Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude;
 I have no relish of them, but abound
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord, into Hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on Earth.

Macd. O *Scotland!* *Scotland!* —

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
 I am as I have spok'n.

Macd. Fit to govern!
 No not to live. O Nation miserable!
 With an untitled Tyrant, bloody sceptred,
 When shalt thou see thy whoiesome days again?
 Since that the truest issue of thy Throne
 By his own interdiction stands accurst,
 And do's blaspheme his breed. Thy Royal Father
 Was a most sainted King; the Queen that bore thee,
 Oftner upon her knees, than on her feet,
 Dy'd every day she lived. Fare thee well,

These

These evils thou repeat'st upon thy self,
Have banish'd me from *Scotland*. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion
Child of Integrity, hath from my Soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth, and honour. Devilish *Macbeth*;
By many of these trains, hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me; for even now
I put my self to thy direction, and
Unspeake mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints, and blames I laid upon my self,
For strangers to my Nature. I am yet
Unknown to Women, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The Devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life My first false speaking
Was this upon my self; what I am truly
Is thine, and my poor Countrys to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here approach,
Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike Men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth, I pray
you?

Doct. Ay Sir; there are a crew of wretched Souls
That stay his cure: Their malady convinces
The great assay of Art: But at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, Doctor,

[Exit

Macd

The TRAGEDY

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil;

A most miraculous work in this good King;
Which oftew since my here remain in *England*,
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heav'n,
Himself best knows; but strangely visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a Golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding Royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of Prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his Throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here.

Mal. My Country man, but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever gentle Cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means, that make us strangers.

Rosse. Sir, *Amen.*

Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?

Rosse. Alas poor Country,

Almost afraid to know it self. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our grave; where nothing;
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs & groans, & shrieks that rend the air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasie: the dead-man's knell,
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good Mens lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or e'er they sicken.

Macd. Oh! Relation too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hours age doth hiss the Speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my Wife?

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Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech. how goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour
Of many worthless fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrants power afoot.
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiers, make our Women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent us good Seyward, and ten thousand Men.
An older, and a better Soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What, concern they
The general Cause? or is it a fee grief
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest.
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it!

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your Castle is surpriz'd, your Wife and Babes
Savagely slaughter'd. To relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd Deers,
To add the death of you.

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Mal. Merciful Heaven!

What Man ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My Children too! —

Rosse. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence! my Wife kill'd too!

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no Children. All my pretty ones;
Did you say all? O Hell Kite! All!

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop!

Mal. Dispute it like a Man.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a Man.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did Heav'n look on
And would not take their part? Sinful *Macduff*,
They were all struck for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their Souls: Heav'n rest them now.

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword; let grief
Convert to anger, blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O I could play the Woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue: But gentle Heav'n's
Cut short all intermission: Front to front,
Bring thou this Fiend of *Scotland*, and my self;
Within my sword's length set him, if he 'scape,
May Heav'n forgive him too.

Mal. This time goes manly:

Come, go we to the King: our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may,
The night is long that never finds the day, [*Exeunt*:

ACT,



A C T V.

SCENE I. *An Anti-chamber in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physick, & a Gentlewoman.

DOCTOR.

I Have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what at any time have you heard her say?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a Taper.

Lo you! here she comes: This is her very guise, and upon my life fast asleep; observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she do's now?

E

Look

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Look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks, I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out damned spot; out I say. . . One, Two, why then 'tis time to do't... Hell is murky. Fie, my Lord, fie, a Soldier, and afraid; what need we fear? who knows it, when none can call our power to account... yet who would have thought the old Man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The Thane of Fife, had a Wife; where is she now? What will these hands ne'er be clean? . . . No more of that, My Lord, no more o' that: you marr all with starting.

Doct. Go to, go to;

You have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosome, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well —

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walkt in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown, look not so pale — I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady.

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Lady. To-bed, to-bed; there's knocking at the Gate:
Come, come, come, come, give me your hand:
what's done, cannot be undone. To-bed, to bed,
to-bed, [Exit Lady.]

Doct. Will she go now to-bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected Minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets;
More needs she the Divine than the Physician:
God, God forgive us all. Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her; so good night.
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good-night, Good Doctor. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A Field with a Wood at distance.*

Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His Uncle Seyward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them: For their dear causes
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we meet them, for that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if Donalbaine be with his Brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the Gentry; there is Seywards Son,
And many unruff Youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the Tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies;
Some say he's mad: Others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury, but for certain,
He cannot bulckle his distemper'd cause

Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now do's he feel

His secret murders sticking on his hands,
Now minutely revolts upraid his faith breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: Now does he feel his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame

His pester'd senses to recoyl, and start,
When all that is within him do's condemn
It self for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,

To give obedience where t'is truly ow'd:
Meet we the med'cine of the sickly Weal,
And with him pour we, in our Countrys purge,
Each drop of us.

Lin. Or so much as it needs,

To dew the sovereign Flower, and drown the weeds,
Make we our march towerds *Birnam*. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Castle.*

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports, let them fly all;
'Till *Birnam Wood* remove to *Dunsinane*,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy, *Malcolme*?
Was he not born of Woman? The Spirits that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd thus:
Fear not, *Macbeth*, no Man that's born of Woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly false *Thanes*,
And mingle with the *English* Epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The Devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd Lown:
Where got'st thou that Goose-look?

Ser. There are ten thousand —

Macb.

Macb. Geese, Villain?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and overred thy fear,
Thou lilly liver'd Boy. What Soldiers, patch?
Death of thy Soul, those linnen cheeks of thine
Are Counsellours to fear. What Soldiers, Whey-face?

Ser. The *English* Force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence...*Seyton*!... I'm sick at heart,
When I behold .. *Seyton*, I say!... this push
Will cheer me ever, or diseafe me now.
I have liv'd long enough: My way of life
Is fall'n into the Sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: But in their stead,
Curfes, not loud but deep, mouth honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight 'till from my bones my flesh is hackt.
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on:

Send out more horses, skir the Country round;
Hang those that stand in fear. Give me mine armour.
How do's your patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my Lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her from that:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Rase out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleause the stuff bosome of that perillous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw Physick to the Dogs, I'll none of it.
Come, put my Armour on, give me my Staff.
Seyton, Send out ---- Doctor, the *Thanes* fly from me—
Come, Sir, dispatch ----- If thou could'st; Doctor, cast
The water off my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say ----
What Rhubarb, Senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these *English* hence: Hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good Lord; Your Royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me;
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till *Birnam* Forest come to *Dunsinane*.

Doct. Were I from *Dunsinane* away, and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *A Wood.*

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff, Seywards Son,
Menteth, Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. Cousin, I hope the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Seyw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of *Birnam*.

Mal. Let every Soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Host, and make discov'ry
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Seyw. We learn no other, but the confident Tyrant,
Keeps still in *Dunsinane*, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:

For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the Revolt,
And none serve with him, but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macb. Set our best censures
Before the true event, and put we on
Industrious Soldiership.

Seyw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculative, their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue, strokes must arbitrate,
Towards which, advance the War. [*Exeunt marching.*]

SCENE V. *the Castle.*

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Soldiers with Drums & Colours

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward Walls,
The Cry is still, they come: Our Castles strength
Will laugh a Siege to scorn. Here let them lye,
'Till Famine and the Ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise!

[*A cry within of Women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of Women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouze, and stir
As life were in't. I have sapt full with horrors:
Direness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time:
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to study death. Out, out, brief candle;
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more. It is a tale
 Told by an Idiot, full of sound and fury
 Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

Mes. My gracious Lord,
 I should report that which I say I saw,
 But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, Sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
 I look'd toward Birnam, and anon methought
 The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave.

[*Striking him*]

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
 Within this three mile you may see it coming.
 I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,

Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
 'Till famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,
 I care not if thou do'st for me as much.
 I pall in resolution, and begin
 To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
 That lies like truth. Fear not, 'till Birnam Wood
 Do come to Dunsinane, and now a Wood
 Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out;
 If this which he avouches do's appear,
 There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
 I gin to be a weary of the Sun,
 And wish th' estate o' th' World were now undone.
 Ring the alarum Bell, blow wind, come wrack,
 At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE VI. *Before Macbeths Castle.*

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff, and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough: your leavy screens throw down,
And shew like those you are: You, worthy Uncle,
Shall with my Cousin, your right noble Son,
Lead our first Battel. Worthy *Macduff*, and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do
According to our order.

Seyw. Fare you well;
Do we but find the Tyrants power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macb. Make all our Trumpets speak, give them all
breath,
Those clamorous Harbingers of blood and death. *Exeunt.*
[*Alarums continued.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a stake I cannot fly
But Bear-like I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of Woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Seyward:

Y. Seyw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Y. Seyw. No, though thou call'st thy self a hotter name
Than any is in Hell.

Macb. Ny name's *Macbeth*.

Y. Seyw. The Devil himself could not pronounce a Title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No nor more fearful.

Y. Seyw. Thou liest, thou abhorred Tyrant,
And with my sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*Fight, and Young Seyward's slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of Woman;
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,

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Brandish'd by Man that's of a Woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant, shew thy face:
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their slaves; come thou, *Macbeth*,
Or else my Sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruided. Let me find him, Fortune,
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Sey. This way, my Lord, the Castle's gently rendered:
The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight,
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the War,
The day almost it self professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with Foes
That strike beside us.

Sey. Enter, Sir, the Castle. [*Exeunt. Alarums.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own Sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn Hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back my Soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out. (*Fight. Alarums.*

Macb. Thou lostest labour,
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen Sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life which must not yield
To one of Woman born.

Macd.

Macd. Dispell thy Charm,
And let the Angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his Mothers womb
Untimely rip'd.

Macb. Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me so;
For it hath cow'd my better part of Man:
And be these jugling Fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macb. Then yield thee, Coward,
And live to be the shew, and gaze o'th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer Monsters are
Painted upon a Pole, and under writ,
Here may you see the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield
To kits the ground before young *Malcolms* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curse.
Though *Birnam* Wood be come to *Dunsinane*,
And thou oppos'd, being of no Woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body,
I throw my Warlike Shield; Lay on *Macduff*,
And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.
[*Exeunt fighting, Alarums.*]

Enter fighting, and Macbeth is slain.
Retreat and Flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours,
Malcome, Seyward, Ross, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we miss, were safe arriv'd.

Seyw. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. *Macduff* is missing, and your noble Son.

Ross. Your Son, my Lord, has paid a Soldiers debt.
He only liv'd but 'till he was a Man,
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a Man he dy'd.

Seyw. Then he is dead?

[*sorrow*]

Ross. Ay, and brought off the Field. Your cause of

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Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Seyw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Seyw. Why then, Gods Soldier be he;
Had I as many Sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Seyw. He's worth no more:
They say he parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him. Here comes new comfort,

Enter Macduff with Macbeths head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
Th' Usurpers curst head; the time is free:
I see thee compass with thy Kingdoms Peers,
That speak my salutation in their minds:
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine;
Hail King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland! [Flourish.]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My *Thanes* and Kinsmen
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever *Scotland*
In such an Honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful Tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel Ministers
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend like Queen;
Who (as 'tis thought) by self and violent hands,
Took off her life; This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the Grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place.
So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at *Scone*.

[Flourish. *Exeunt omnes*]

FINIS.



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